

The Washington Times

Published Evening and Sunday at THE MUNSEY BUILDING, Penn. Ave., between 12th and 14th Sts.

Daily, one year, \$3.00; Sunday, one year, \$2.50

FRANK A. MUNSEY.

The Times is served in the city of Washington and District of Columbia by newboys, who deliver and collect for the paper on their own account at the rate of 6 cents a week for the Evening and 5 cents a copy for the Sunday edition.

Entered at the postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second class matter.

SUNDAY, MAY 12, 1937.

More Than Prince.

A little child has been born in the proud city of Madrid. A whole nation rejoices; bunting hangs from windows, flags whip the air, the gay costumes of Spain brighten streets ordinarily humdrum with working smocks; congratulations pour in from every corner of the world.

Spain is richer for this babe. Her government is made more stable, her dissensions are lessened. The great nation with which, not ten years ago, she crossed swords looks on with every feeling of sympathy and pleasure.

Yet, in the analysis which takes little account of titles and brave colors, in the interest which has moved millions of Americans to read this news from Madrid with eager pleasure, the great thing is not that a prince has come into the world. It is that the lives of two young people whose unassumed affection has survived all the formalities of a pompous political marriage have been blessed with the joy of parenthood.

In America, where every babe is royal, as in Spain, where every little one is born a loyal subject to this new son of the reigning house, uncounted thousands of homes know the same joy in equal degree. This is a light which discloses the baby newcomer as more than a prince—and it is a good light to guide our thoughts on him this Sunday.

The Crop Outlook.

There is no denying that the crop season thus far has been, on the whole, an unfavorable one. The great bear panic which swept into the wheat pit at Chicago yesterday was foreshadowed by The Times a week earlier, when in its news columns analysis was presented of the weather crop conditions of the country to that time, and it was pointed out that they had not been such as to assure an output of the soil for the current year comparable with the yields of recent seasons.

The spring has been in general late and very cold. The excess of moisture in some sections has done scarcely more damage than an unusual lack of it in others. From all sections of the country reports have been coming for weeks which have been anything but reassuring. It is small wonder that the Chicago grain market should be disturbed.

But there is another side to this picture. Secretary Wilson declared a year ago that the time for crop failures, or even serious crop shortages in this country, was past. He declared that with better farming, more intelligent rotation of crops, fuller understanding of soil conditions, and the adaptability of particular crops for particular conditions, the danger of failures would be constantly lessened. There is no doubt that he was right. Dry farming is now a productive and wealth-making operation in regions that two decades ago were regarded as literally of the desert.

The Bandmaster.

The poet of the orchestral conductor has arrived. He has broken loose in "Scribblers," and he is a very impassioned gentleman, indeed, almost as full of fire as the man he celebrates. "The Bandmaster," he calls his effort, by which he means the leader of an orchestra, for he speaks of the "Symphony," this creation of his is certainly a fevered individual, as the poem itself proves:

Al! At last Shaking and shimmering, Up goes the curtain; And see—quite impressive, Dear to the rear of the house, Sit all the dark-eyed musicians Waiting the maestro's cue!

Trial by Court.

The city of New York recently gave the country a sample of trial of a criminal case by the newspapers, the sensational preachers, and the emotions of a sensation-seeking public. It did not end creditably to the community.

A great criminal trial is now beginning in a little Western capital. It is of vastly greater import than was the New York trial. There is every reason why the trial should be conducted by the court, and not by the sensation mongers, why the verdict should be the verdict of an unprejudiced jury, based on the evidence, and not that of an overwrought and prejudiced community.

This Moyer-Haywood trial is an affair of tremendous significance. It is the outgrowth of a feud that at times verged close upon civil war, and to which both parties seem to have been frank and willing breakers of the law. Not all the crime was committed in that warfare of

the Western mining States by either side. The Mine Owners' Association violated those laws which stood in their way with the same impunity that was displayed by the Western Federation of Mine Workers.

Now it is for the sober-minded people of the communities where these crimes were committed to show whether without hysteria and without bias they can see that even-handed justice shall be done. They are conducting themselves thus far in a manner that is above reproach. Everything indicates a quiet, determined purpose to see a square deal given to all concerned.

It will become the people of other sections, which have not before them the responsibility of thus assuring justice, to attempt to prejudice the great trial that is opening. "Demonstrations" by the unformed partisans of one side will only add to the danger of a bad situation, just as the circulation of false and libelous stories by the other side can only intensify prejudices. This trial ought to be held by the court and the jury. Prejudice, class hatred, blind and unthinking partisanship ought to be rigorously suppressed. Every good citizen owes it to himself and to the community to help the people of Boise and Idaho in their splendid effort for a fair determination of the innocence or guilt of these defendants on the evidence that shall be produced.

A Home Rule Fore-runner.

It was a great day for Ireland in the British house of commons when a bill was introduced by Chief Secretary Birrell, granting at last a real measure of home rule for the people of the Emerald Land. Although called but a stepping-stone, it provides for something that Ireland has not had for a hundred years, and gives promise of the fulfillment, if all works well, of the most ardent dreams of Irishmen everywhere—complete autonomy and local government.

It is certainly going far to assent to "the establishment and functions of an administration council" for Ireland, with headquarters at Dublin. By this system the departments coming under the control of this body of real home rulers will be the local government court, the department of agriculture, the congested district court, the commissioner for public works and national education, the inspectors of the reformatory and industrial schools, and the registrar general. There is something lacking, of course, to the enthusiastic desires of Irishmen, in that the supreme court judiciary, the royal Irish constabulary, the Dublin Metropolitan police, the land commission, and the prisons board will remain under the control of the imperial authorities.

But even patriots can seldom gain everything at one stroke, and it is to be hoped that the Irish members of parliament and the leaders generally will accept the measure, if only as a temporary trial of its virtues. Possibly it may not be even half a loaf of bread, but it is bread, nevertheless, and Ireland is hungry for that sort of food. Why should she not accept it as promise of a fuller feast in the future?

Knights' Errand.

It seems that the people who own the wealth over in Manila are about as fond of popular elections as they are in this country.

Volcanoes as Picnic Grounds.

The great volcanoes of Kilauea and Mauna Loa, on the island of Hawaii, are tremendously active these days. But instead of springing away from them, the pleasure-loving Hawaiians rush to the deadly lava streams, delighted to see "the fireworks." William Inglis writes to Harper's Weekly that steamers running from Honolulu to the island of Hawaii have their staterooms jammed full and their moonlit decks crowded with sleeping passengers who can hardly find room for their mattresses. Above the din of the engines you will see big red-lettered signs: "Volcanoes now in action. Don't miss them. Tickets and full information within."

Western Ideas in China.

I have traveled overland from Peking to Tongkin, and have been struck by the spread of western education. In every town of any importance, and often in villages, there are schools with foreign fittings for teaching western learning. Large numbers of temples, often every temple except the city temple and the Confucian temple, are being converted into schools and colleges, while scholars in their semi-formal dress are counted by thousands.—Correspondence of London Times.

Old Philippine Telegraphers.

Telegraph service that was efficient is one of the few boasts made concerning the Spanish regime in pre-American days for the Philippines. About the expert Filipino telegraphers who worked in that department of the old government joined the ranks of the unemployed. Now they are out of employment. The United States governor general in the island has taken up their case and is planning to give them positions in the new telegraph service.

Damrosch throw fits on the platform in the style indicated above. It is Creator's chief stock in trade. But what are viols and symphonies and harps doing in his hand? All we can say is that poets have a good deal of license, and that they often take still more.

A Worthy Descendant.

The Peking correspondent of the Times states in last Saturday's paper that at the end of last year imperial decrees were passed which raised the Sage Confucius from the level of the sun and moon to the level of the heaven and earth, and conferred upon his spirit honors of the highest grade such as are given to the imperial ancestors, instead of his former position as a teacher.

In addition, a sum of £15,000 was set aside to found a college at his birthplace to be exclusively devoted to the perpetuation of his teaching. The decree was intended to check the growth of foreign learning. The Times correspondent states, however, that the coup meets with no favor from the present head of the family of Confucius.

The "Holy Duke," a descendant of the Sage in the seventy-sixth generation, is apparently an intelligent man, and recognizing the strength of the new movement, urges that Confucianism shall be linked to modern learning. The statement of the views of the "Holy Duke," we are told, is bound to make a deep impression throughout the country.

No speaks the London Spectator. So wonder it recalls the striking passage in Gibbon's autobiography in which the historian describes the family of Confucius as, in his opinion, the noblest upon earth. Seventy authentic generations connect the "Holy Duke" with his illustrious ancestor. A period of 4,425 years is embraced in his family history. It is, indeed, as though in Egypt there were an authentic descendant of the builder of the Great Pyramid, and this personage himself maintained a post of high importance.

But this is not all that is interesting in our London contemporary's account. Checking the growth of foreign learning finds no favor with the present head of the family of Confucius. Literary exercises do not, in his mind, outweigh exact science. China must advance with the rest of the world, and she cannot do so by keeping to the information of the great thinker who is also his progenitor. Truly, there is much in this independent and far-sighted stand to indicate that the "Holy Duke" is not unworthy of his fathers.

Over 100,000 members of the building trades are on strike, and the master builders have decided to lock them out. It will be the greatest strike the city ever knew. This refers not to turbulent Chicago, but to Berlin, seat of the most vigorous monarchy in Europe.

The price of wheat is reported well on the way to the dollar mark. Some bull prophets say it is certain to go to \$1.50. If it gets there it will be able to associate on very friendly terms with other necessities of life.

The haste of those homing pigeons to get home from Jamestown might be taken as suggesting that they also found the fair in a somewhat chaotic and uninviting condition.

It takes rather a clever person to do anything so nasty as Odell did to Hughes and still wear all the time the guise of special friendship.

This man Duncan McGregor, who has suddenly turned up as the promising dark horse in the Wilson-Dewey contest, seems to be a right canny person—what Dr. Watson would have called a "hoot, mon."

It seems that the people who own the wealth over in Manila are about as fond of popular elections as they are in this country.

Secretary Bonaparte has been getting a wonderful move on himself since last Tuesday for a man who doesn't care a tinker's continental what the newspapers say about him.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the enthusiastic press correspondents who cabled that the queen nursed the new prince yesterday morning were in error about it.

IS IT WORTH WHILE TO BE A GOVERNMENT CLERK? Science Service Branch Better Than Business, Higher Salaries Paid

Correspondent Contrasts Chances and Careers of Both Classes, Under Civil Service Law, to Detriment of Business Men.

To the Editor of The Sunday Times:

Has a young man opportunities in the United States civil service equal to those in the outside business, professional, or scientific world?

This is an old question to offer the Washington public. It has been discussed with the greatest freedom, seriously, lightly, often with dramatic effect, as in the articles by "Cog in the Wheel," in The Times a year or so ago. It can never become an old subject, however, because young men are continually entering the service, and sooner or later they must face the question whether it is wise to stay.

I presume that most young men entering the civil service are actuated by the same motive as those taking up business—a profession of a scientific calling. The gratification of ambition, fame, power, wealth all loom up in the distance as possibilities. To the writer's knowledge, the last inducement might as well be eliminated at once. No honest man can become wealthy in Government employ, and few become really powerful. Where one can reach the same niche in the temple of fame or fame, the honest ambition as completely as he may outside is a big question.

Will Efforts Be Appreciated?

Will a conscientious young fellow of average ability, by strict application to the business at hand, by loyalty, diligence, honesty, make the same reputation for reliability, thoroughness, and ability in ten or twenty years' continuous service in the Government that he would in other pursuits? Will he find his efforts equally appreciated? Will advancement come to him with equal certainty?

Two Classes of Civil Service.

The Government civil service divides itself sharply into two classes—the scientific and the strictly business or administrative, under which we can properly include the professional branches, such as the legal divisions, including the Department of Justice (Washington positions only). If the young man's opportunity in the Government is the same as it is outside the Government, we should expect to find the high positions, filled from below. It is all very well to hold up to view the comparatively large salaries paid men in ordinary minor scientific positions and in the clerical classes. Every one knows that these are usually better in the long run than those of equal rank outside. But what happens to the young man after he has been in the Government service long enough to know something about it? Does he advance or does he stay in a rut, like "the cog in the wheel"?

Corporations Promote From Ranks.

A big corporation recruits its leaders from its ranks, not necessarily from those of its own employ, but certainly as a rule from those of businesses of a similar nature. Many of our great railroad presidents began as rodmen, clerks, and office boys. Indeed, this is almost an inviolable rule. A business would collapse if its executives were only one step removed from the ranks. Let us take those who are mentioned in "Who's Who in America" and see how many have grown up in the service; in other words, what, in the long run, the chances are for the ambitious youth to become somebody as a Government officer?

Fair Basis of Comparison.

To get a fair basis of comparison, we take the men in the civil service who hold positions on January 1, 1907, equal to or above those of chiefs of bureaus. Let us take those who are mentioned in "Who's Who in America" and see how many have grown up in the service; in other words, what, in the long run, the chances are for the ambitious youth to become somebody as a Government officer?

If we divide these men into two groups as suggested above, we get some highly interesting facts. In the scientific branches of the service (the Agricultural Department, the Smithsonian, the statistical bureaus, the Geological Survey, etc.), there were twenty-five men of rank equivalent to chief of bureau or better concerning whom the above data is available.

Sixteen Entered in Low Grades.

All of these men have seen continuous service, and sixteen entered in minor positions, only nine having been appointed to the positions they now hold. Only one of these men has served less than five years, five have served from five to ten years, three have served from eleven to fifteen years, three from sixteen to twenty years, four from twenty-one to twenty-five years, six from twenty-six to thirty years, and three from thirty to thirty-five years. Most of them have served over twenty years, and more than three-fourths have served more than ten years. Furthermore, thirteen of these men were thirty years of age or younger at the time of appointment (generally from the very college) and one was only seventeen.

Scientific Bureau Men.

The heads of the scientific bureaus rank among the foremost of scientific men. To be the head of such a bureau means that a man is the peer of a head professor in any university in the land. His work is standard, his work authority. His associates are the world's brightest scientific minds, his position is one of the highest in the ranks of the Government.

Government's Business Men.

Now let us take up the other branch—the business and professional branch, omitting the ranks of the very high, the Philippine and Canal Commissions. This is a rather arbitrary classification, but it answers the purpose very well. On January 1, 1907, there were sixty-two men in the ranks of the business or better, in this branch of the service, only forty-seven of whom had served more than ten years. Furthermore, seven, twenty-two have served less than

WOMAN TOOK J. H. ECKELS TO BE A BOY IN PULLMAN WHEN SHE HAD NO BERTH

Friend, Weighing 300, Lost Toss for Lower Berth, and Told Belated Female to Sleep With His "Little Boy."

James H. Eckels, who died in Chicago recently, was always noted for his extremely youthful appearance. This was accentuated by his modesty of demeanor to the point of self-effacement, and his habit of wearing the jaunty style of clothes usually affected by boys of nineteen. Eckels was not tall, was of slight build, and clean-shaven. He weighed little more than 100 pounds, and even after he passed forty might easily be mistaken for a lad of half his age.

One of Eckels' chums was Sam B. Raymond, former treasurer of Cook county, who weighs over 300, and is bluff and hearty in every respect. When Raymond, who is not fond of walking, gets into a low-necked hack, the body of the vehicle tips up on one side at an angle of forty-five degrees. A few years ago Eckels and Raymond had occasion to make a trip to New York together. They neglected the precaution of engaging a porter in advance, and after they got on the train they discovered that the only thing left was a section.

"That's all right, Jim," said the ponderous Raymond, "you're so small you can crawl into the upper berth without any trouble."

Wanted to Match for It.

Eckels, if his physical appearance did not comport with the usual conception of a bank president, possessed a gravity of countenance that made his friend think he was in earnest when he said: "Don't you think for a minute, Sam Raymond, that because you are a human monstrosity you can pick on me. I shall insist on the lower berth myself, but I mean to have my rights. We'll match for it, and if you lose you can crawl into that upper berth just as well as I can." Raymond protested that it wasn't a question of dignity, but of physical possibility, but Eckels was adamant.

Thought He Was a Sport.

"I thought you were a sport," responded Eckels with fine scorn. "You lost fair and square. You may want to waltz, but you can't. The lower berth is mine, and if you seek to use force, I shall appeal to the Pullman conductor, who was present when I won the toss." Eckels had been busily disrobing and ended all argument by rolling into the lower berth, immediately simulating sleep. Two ladders were brought, and after great exertions by the porter and the conductor, Raymond was pushed into the upper berth, while Eckels chuckled gleefully but noiselessly.

Missouri River Needs an Overland Boat

The eccentric and variable Missouri river has "a personal friend" in George Fitch, who declares in the latest American Magazine that the stream is navigable enough if only the steamboats would conform to its peculiarities. Mr. Fitch's humor is refreshing. "The Missouri river steamboat," says Mr. Fitch, "should be shallow, lithe, deep-chested, and exceedingly strong in the stern wheel." "It should be hinged in the middle and should be fitted with a suction dredge so that it cannot climb over a sandbar it can assimilate it. The Missouri river steamboat should be able to make use of a channel, but should not have to depend upon it. A steamer that cannot on occasion climb a steep clay bank, go across a cornfield, and corner a river that is trying to get away with little excuse for trying to navigate the Missouri."

warmly in a subdued voice, reassured any lingering doubts she may have had by a peep at the youthful face of Mr. Eckels and the boyish outline covered by the bed clothes, and with a sigh of satisfaction sat down on the edge of the berth to loosen her shoes. This operation disturbed the slumbering Eckels. He pushed irritably at the form on the other side of the curtains and growled sleepily:

"Go 'way; don't bother me." "That's all right, little boy," said the woman, soothingly. "Go right back to sleep. It's all right. Your papa said I could use the berth."

This was too much for Raymond. He let out a roar that did full justice to his size, and Eckels was startled into complete wakefulness.

The result was that Eckels, who was nothing if not polite, insisted on getting up and dressing, so that the Kalamazoo passenger could have the use of the berth. He spent the rest of the night in the smoker, meditating on the futility of things gained by gambling, while the satisfied Raymond fell into a fitful but contented sleep.—The New York Times.

UNION MEN "PULL" ANACOSTIA SCHOOL

Employers' Association Agrees to Hold Conference.

Labor troubles, which caused the withdrawal of many workmen from the Metropolitan Club building and several other building operations in Washington early last week, spread yesterday to the school building in Harrison street, Anacostia, where the union men built work because of the employment of non-union plumbers.

In reply to a request from the board of governors of the Employers' Association of the Building Trades of the District of Columbia for a conference to settle the pending trouble between the master plumbers and the journeymen, the allied building trades in executive session in the Corcoran building last night passed a resolution accepting the invitation for a conference.

The board of governors wanted the allied building trades to have the men go back to work on the Metropolitan Club building pending the conference. This, it was intimated last night, would not be agreed to.

The work of looking up buildings where non-union plumbers are employed by master plumbers who employed members of Local No. 5, Journeymen Plumbers' Union prior to March 3, 1936, will continue this week, and when non-union plumbers are found the members of the allied building trades will be called off the job.

"GOOD MORNING" Thoughts on Business—No. 27

BY WALDO PONDRAY WARREN

Do you always remember to say "Good morning" in your most cheerful manner when you come into the office or the workshop? It is a little thing, but it is powerful to smooth the way for a pleasant day. How often we need to be reminded that it is the little things of life which go to make up happiness?

I remember one morning I was in an establishment on a business errand when the manager arrived for the day. With a cold stare he passed near several of the assistants, but without a word of cheer for the day. He walked up to one of the men and began talking business—a criticism within the hearing of others. Conversation ceased in the room, and the very atmosphere of the place seemed chilled—as if a north window had been opened in winter.

Many times have I contrasted that incident with the spirit which I am glad to say prevails in many other offices—a spirit of cordial welcome and friendly fellowship, where "Good morning," "Good night," "Thank you," and "Please" grow like flowers in the genial tropics.

How little some men seem to realize the effect of their words on others! The spirit manifested by the head of a business permeates the establishment as surely and as completely as sugar sweetens tea. This important fact needs to be more generally understood. When it is, there will be more cheerful greetings of "Good morning" to start the day in the right spirit.

(Copyright, 1937, by Waldo Pondray Warren.)

Letters containing questions on business, unpublished incidents of business life, comments or criticisms, are welcomed by the author. Address care of The Washington Times.

Number 28 Tomorrow